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HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US.

Home is not merely four square walls. The with picture hung and gilded. Home is where affection dwells. Home is where the heart hath nestled. Home is where the faithful dove is sailing. Home is where the leaves above us. Home is where there's one to love us. Home is where there's one to love us.

ELISE'S VANITY.

The vanity of the fair sex, it is said, is of the same age as the sex itself. A clever writer in defending this trait of the feminine character, has said that it constitutes its greatest charm; that without it the sex would lose half its attraction; and in support of this theory there is the old quaint story of the German maiden—a history which is so tender and pretty, that it is worth rescuing from the forgotten legends of the Fatherland.

A maiden lived on the banks of the Rhine with her father, the miller. Now the maiden, whose name was Elise, was not pretty, and she was cross and fretful, for she grieved for her own lack of beauty, and thought that none would ever care for her on account of the few green leaves that had given to her; so she did not even try to please, and yet her heart was very large and very kindly. She spent half her time in front of her looking-glass, lamenting her plainness, and thinking how impossible it was that Carl would ever learn to love her, while Gretchen, who was so fair and pretty, was called "The Daughter of Spring," dwelt near her.

One day Elise went down to the Rhine to bring in water, and, as she dipped her pail in the clear rippling, she saw her own face reflected, and turned away, wretched and discontented. She sat down on a rocky stone and watched the sun-light playing on the castle-crowned hills, and listened to the far off song of the workers in the vineyards, and thought of Carl, who was there, and of Gretchen, who was there also.

"Ah me!" she sighed, "what a gift is beauty!" "Elise," said a voice, and looking up, she saw an old woman—a very old, deformed woman—standing near to her. "Elise," she said, "I will tell you the secret of beauty, and you shall obtain all that you long for so much. Go home, and never look in a glass, never see the reflection of your own face in the water, never once again gaze on your own features, and you will grow pretty—so pretty that all will wonder at the change, and never look in a glass, never see the reflection of your own face in the water, and Carl—Carl will learn to love you."

"But how shall I know that it is true if I may not see my face?" asked Elise. "Can you not tell by the altered manner of those around you?" said the dame.

"Oh, yes," said Elise. "How I will wash them!" Elise went home with a new and strange happiness at her heart—a happiness that changed her nature and influenced every day of her life, and made her amiable, and soft, and loving, and kind, and considerate, and anxious to please, and ready to serve and help others.

Presently people began to remark the alteration in the miller's daughter, and to tell her how different she was from formerly, and the maidens sought her out and talked to her about their lovers, and the youth declared that Elise, the miller's daughter, was the nicest girl that side of the Rhine, and Carl learnt to think how different she was from Gretchen, and he learnt to love her, and all through the Fatherland there was not so happy a girl as Elise. And all this time she never once saw her own face, but turned away her head when she dipped her pail in the stream, and through all the miller's house there was not to be found a looking-glass.

In the spring time came her wedding day, and early in the sweet fresh morning she was married to Carl, and the young flowers peeped out to see her face as she passed by, and the tender grass kissed her feet as she went along, and the birds sang out a greeting, and even the light, feathery clouds seemed to stoop over her head, as if with their shadowy hands they blessed her on her bridal day. Ah, happy Elise!

"Then art so changed," said Carl. "Thy face is so different from what it formerly was. It does not seem to me that it is possible thou art the same Elise. I used to pass without even looking back to gaze on thee; but to-day in thy bridal veil thou art a sweet picture, whose memory will paint on my heart forever."



"HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US."

She stood on the edge of the water with her face turned away, but her vanity kept saying to her, "Look once, for a single moment, Elise, and see thyself on thy bridal day!" but she hesitated and longed, and wondered if punishment would really follow if she looked. "It cannot make any difference," she thought, and she moved her head a little way—a very little way round—till she could see the shape of her head in the water, and it seemed quite strange to her, for she had not seen it for so long. "I must, oh I must see the face my Carl loves," she said, and forgetting the happiness she might lose in this offering to her vanity, she turned and looked at her reflection in the water, and she saw—what? the same plain face she remembered long ago; the same, the very same, without one feature altered. With a scream of despair she tottered forward a step too far, and before she could recover herself, she fell into the water which had shown her the dreadful truth. The tide bore her away, and never again was seen the miller's daughter—Carl's young bride. Alas for Vanity.

SKELETONIZING LEAVES.

Not a little interest has been excited of late on the subject of the art of skeletonizing leaves and flowers, owing to the exhibition of some beautifully executed samples in the Centennial Exhibition, and having been asked by several correspondents to give them the *modus operandi*, we have considered the matter one which deserved an extended notice. We will begin by saying that the art of skeletonizing leaves and flowers would be found much less difficult of accomplishment were the nature and character of the various plants thoroughly studied at first. For instance, it would be a poor direction to the learner to say, "Gather the leaves on a certain day," unless proper attention be also paid to the leaves chosen. They must have reached a certain degree of maturity, neither too old nor too young, and as all leaves do not reach this maturity at the same time, it is obvious that care

must be taken that each kind must be gathered when fit for use. The leaves of the magnolia, for instance, may be gathered when the plant is in bloom, varying in time from June till August. They will require from a month to six weeks' time to be well immersed, and so be easy to dissect, as the fiber is so strong. The leaves of the ivy rank among the most difficult, and, because of the peculiar beauty of the fiber, will amply repay the trouble involved in the preparation. These may be immersed from the beginning of May to October, but should be leaves of the previous year's growth. All leaves will not answer for dissecting, but those that have been most successfully operated on are from the magnolia, ivy, pear, rose, holly, orange, poplar, willow, elm, lime, service tree, Spanish and horse chestnut. Seed vessels may also be dissected in an admirable manner; such are those of the stramonium, winter cherry, poppy, etc. To procure good specimens, put the leaves into a deep jar and cover them with soft water, the jar is then put in a cool place. When, upon examination,

the leaves are found to be soft, they must be carefully brushed in a weak solution of chloride of lime for a short time, to whiten the fiber, and afterward washed well in two or three waters and dried carefully between sheets of blotting paper or linen, after which they are ready for mounting. To make stems for this purpose, thread stiffened with gum is the most useful, and it has a natural appearance. The leaves may be formed into bouquets or wreaths, according to the taste of the operator, and should be placed under glass shades to preserve them from harm. We have seen groups of leaves so prepared that formed acceptable table ornaments in sitting and drawing rooms; and it suggests a pleasant employment for the fair sex with which to fill up moments of leisure. It is evident that much discrimination in the selection of the right leaves is required, and a light and careful manipulation is also essential; and in the case of failure from the first attempt, so small amount of patience is needed to carry the operation through to ultimate success.

A SAILORS' FORTUNE.

A Romance of the Land and the Ocean.

By FRED HUNTER.

CHAPTER XIX.

MARTINI IN CONFERENCE WITH MADAME DESEAU, HER PEREMPTORY CONDUCT.

Only a practiced villain—one who was well versed in the subtleties and trickery of genuine diplomacy and intrigue—could have appeared as Monsieur Martini did, when he was ushered into the presence of his intended victim, on the evening alluded to in our last chapter. He entered the drawing-room (where were seated Madame and Florio) with a firm step and an unchanging countenance, and as he withdrew his tightly-fitting glove from his small white hand, he bade the ladies good evening in the coolest and most plausible manner possible—in the same friendly tone, and with that same assumed superiority of character and address which had ever marked his intercourse with Madame and her protégé. He was received by the ladies with a cold and formal politeness—which, though he did not seem to observe, he could not avoid noticing.

"Since we met, Madame," observed Martini, at once, "I trust you have been well, and that your ward, Madame Florio, has also enjoyed good health." Madame merely bowed to this empty expression of compliment, and said, immediately, "I sent for you, Monsieur, this evening, upon pressing business."

"I shall be proud to serve Madame Desau to the extreme of my abilities," said the knight, politely.

"The service I have to crave at your hands to-night is trivial, Monsieur; but I desire, if you shall deem it proper to answer me at all, that you will tell me the truth—if you can."

This was a sharp and sudden reproach, which the notary did not exactly anticipate—but he was well fortified, and he did not appear to notice the insinuation contained in this remark, but answered, calmly:

"Will Madame command me?" "Tell me, Monsieur—where is Elmir Foulbanc?"

This query, so suddenly propounded, and in a manner so peculiarly expressive—for Madame possessed the power to be "pointed in speech," when she so desired—emphatically staggered the notary and he said, at once:

"I do not know, Madame. That is—"

"Do not equivocate, Monsieur," responded the lady, warmly. "If I am not mistaken, you do know, and you have had an agency, in some way, in his present trouble."

"Trouble, Madame! What trouble?" "Answer me, first, upon your honor—if there be left in your composition any spark of that comradery, which may well be questioned—answer me, honestly, do you not know where is Elmir Foulbanc?"

"Upon my honor, then, Madame, I know now nothing but what I have just now casually heard, and of which, you, yourself, I think must be advised."

"Elmir Foulbanc is in a filthy dungeon, Monsieur—in Havre!" said Madame, with chilling emphasis.

"I learned that he was in prison, but a few hours since," continued Martini, "and I but await your orders, Madame, to do all in my power for his relief—and at once."

"You will be spared any further trouble in reference to Elmir's fate, Monsieur," said the lady, "and I sent for you, only, to ask if you were acquainted with one Lemaine, attorney-at-Havre?"

"Yes, Madame—I have the honor of that gentleman's acquaintance; and it was through him that I just now learned of the young man's position. It seems that the boy returned from sea a few days since, and being probably destitute of friends, and reckless perhaps, of consequences, he forced himself into Lemaine's office and attempted to rob his premises."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Florio, loudly at this juncture.

"Nor I, Monsieur," added the lady. "Neither do you believe it?" chimed in the young lady, nervously, turning again to Martini. "You do not believe so frail an accusation, surely?"

"We cannot tell, ladies. It is a long way hence to Havre, and who knows but Elmir may have been tempted or driven, perhaps, to this painful shift, in his emergency?"

"I am on my way from Toulon, Monsieur," said Madame Desau, "to Havre. In a few hours, all will be explained to my satisfaction, I am sure. I trust that you will be fortunate enough to be as well with the result of this affair, as we shall be."

"What, Madame?" exclaimed the notary, not a little alarmed at this precipitancy. "This is—I mean—when do you go to Havre?"

"To-night, Monsieur—this very night."

girl still was so innocent as she had been, and it was only the tears of her childhood. But she felt her grandmother's arms too kindly and strongly, and she had been married a month, began to see herself if Joshua had really done wisely and wisely her, and whether it would be worth while for her to have given up her life for him, and to have all her life, spending her tranquil and lonely days in the little kitchen at Pansoy, faithful service, serving people who were to the wife as a man. For her assistance. It had been a very momentous life, containing little for memory to dwell on.



Echoes from Fairy-land.

GOLDEN-HAIR.

It was when the sun was high in the sky one day, and as Gracilia was enjoying the great old's liberty and freedom from prince-craft, that involuntarily he cried, "What complaint has the King against me?" He has no subject more faithful, and never have I really offended him."

Now the King, by chance, was himself near his tower, and of course he fell into another magnificent rage upon hearing the audacious speech, for sovereigns are never in error, and even after finding the wrong man has been sent to jail, kings and queens never apologize to him. The troublesome person who has been so vexatious as to be taken for somebody else is pardoned.

The courtiers who were with the King, and who completed the deputation, at their various friends tried to attract his attention, knowing well that even a royal and raging fool will sometimes have his thick accents persuaded by the natural and beautiful voice of honesty.

"Let me hear what he dares to say," cried the royal creature. "What?" marvels the head of the deputation: "will your majesty allow your Majesty's ears to be struck by the sound of a condemned person's voice?"

"Once," said the King, "we loved him. We will bear to listen."

"Alas!" said Gracilia, aloud, "why do he keep me here when I could do so much for him? I love him, because I must love somebody, and I must be faithful somewhere. But he is surrounded by flatterers who are hating for his throne after his death; for is not his son dying of love for the Princess Golden-Hair, whom I could have informed to marry his highness?—while here am I, fed like a bird, who so doubt keep me alive in order that I may serve the King, seeing I have no other service than his, and that I must do something."

This was such a proper and obedient speech, that the King, instead of blushing for himself, blushed for his courtiers, and burst into tears—fools always being ready with their tears; none accompanied him in weeping.

So, while the deputation trembled in uncertainty, and this time did not at all admire themselves for that operation, the King commanded his guards to open the tower doors, and came Gracilia looking as fresh and pleasant as though he had been walking in the garden after an early breakfast.

The magic water was an admirable ladder, and not likely to make its votaries phlegmatic.

Gracilia was forgiving enough immediately to kiss the King's right hand, as which his Majesty allowed him to be struck off, and he said, meekly, "Alas! your Majesty, what have I done that your highness should punish me as I have been?"

"Thus has mocked at me and our ambassador," was the reply; "and thus has said that he had sent me to our royal brother's court, that would have brought back with thee the Princess Golden-Hair!"

"And was it not in order to bring the Princess to your Majesty's court that the ambassador was sent?"

"By our royal understanding," cried the King, "now we never thought of that! So far, then, art in the right of it."

"Had I been the envoy," rejoined Gracilia, "I should have spoken so favorably of your noble son's good qualities—for, as a Prince, he is perfect, and seeing that mere mortals could not require greatly of prince—that the Princess Golden-Hair, with all the proper self-respect of a well-bred Princess, would at once have shown her wish to marry his highness, and your Majesty's most devoted servant would have pleased your Majesty as much as the ambassador who really forwarded the royal displeasure."

It was at this point that the King, who never professed to be a wise as Solomon, and who always carried a good heavy sceptre about with him, turned his Majesty around, and began laying it over the shoulders of the deputation in the most kindly fashion.

Then, perceiving them more bluish when he was quite tired, he ordered his guards to shovel them into the tower, and walked smilingly back to the palace, arm-in-arm with Gracilia.

So much for prince's favor, which, in this case, entirely turned upon a King's fanciful direction in taking his morning walk.

As far as the deputation was concerned, this history knows them no more; and nothing further need be said, except this—that the fairy fountain suddenly ran dry.

The King could not order sufficient dishes for the young lord's eating, the royal one supposing that his guest must be sedly in want of a sustaining meal.

But Gracilia found that he had grown so accustomed to the flavor of the magic water during his imprisonment, that he refused dish after dish, and made himself content with a couple of accidentally hard apples and one crust of bread.

"Gracilia," said he, "my tender-hearted and still cleverer is still dying for love of the Princess Golden-Hair. I have half made up my mind mind to send you to Court in place of the booby who came back empty-handed."

"Bless you!" exclaimed the King; "but had we not better send two magnificent carriages, since she despises one?"

"No," returned Gracilia; "I think I should do well to start by myself, with but a horse for a companion, and a letter of introduction from your Majesty."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. N. WHARTON.

PART XXIV.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.

Although we have already dwelt upon the life and character of this great and good man, which are indeed interlarded with the history of the Revolution, and intertwined with every step of our national progress, we cannot forget the place which he occupied in the life of the nation, and the place occupied by him and Mrs. Washington in the social life of the Capital.

The solution of the seeming mystery of this great general becoming an equally able president, must be found in the fact of the wonderful ascendancy which Washington was able to gain over the minds of men, in the wide range of his mental powers, and the sterling integrity of his character, whose lustre no touch of suspicion has ever dimmed. From the helm of the ship of State, being sworn into office in the city of New York by Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State, April 30th, 1789; through the years of service that followed, all the powers of the new pilot were needed to guide the bark through this perilous portion of its voyage.

Trials and difficulties beset Washington on every hand, domestic internal and external were to be settled, a system of finance was to be inaugurated, in fact, the whole machinery of government was to be adapted to the necessities of the new Republic. Yet when, after a term of service of eight years, he retired to the grateful seclusion of Mount Vernon, resolutely declining a third election, Washington possessed the happy consciousness of having lightened many of the burdens of the State, and placed other of its difficult problems in train for its solution and adjustment. During these years, numerous immigrants had flocked to our shores, and three new States, Vermont, Kentucky and Tennessee, had been admitted to the Union.

In rendering these important services to his country the President was assisted by an able Cabinet, among whose officers were John Adams, Vice-President of the United States, and Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury.

Certainly no two persons could have been better fitted, socially, to grace the high position to which they were called than the General and Mrs. Washington. The latter, the wife of the great leader in the fullness of her youthful charms had been a reigning belle at Williamsburg, when the royal Governors of Virginia held their court there, and later, whether at the court of Colonel Carter, or after her second marriage, enduring with her husband the hardships of camp life, surrounded by the comforts of her elegance, native dignity and social position inspired respect and homage from all who approached her.

There was much in the character of Washington that says a writer, "In our age would be considered eminently aristocratic." Summing up his dignified reserve, his graceful courtesy, the neatness of his toilet, and his reserved politeness. Letters not addressed to him in due form, he would return unopened, and it is not strange that the habit of a lifetime should have rendered it necessary for him to seal his letters with the armorial crest and bearings of the ancient house from which he was descended.

One of the most distinguished representatives of that almost effeminate fondly cherished type, the gentleman of the old school, any aristocratic ideas or prejudices displayed by Washington can never be ascribed to him, but rather as the natural outgrowth of his English training, and of the character that united so much simplicity and kindness with a certain reserve. An old schoolmate thus speaks of Washington's dignity, as a legacy from his mother: "I have often been present with her court of the French, and we were all as mute as mice. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic of the Father of his Country, will remember the mother as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well ordered household, commanding and being obeyed."

Yet history attests that this dignified man could subside, as we read of him dancing a minuet with Mrs. Willis, on the occasion of certain festivities at Fredericksburg, to celebrate the victory of Yorktown and of the evening advanced, entering into the gaiety of the scene so far as to go down the room, a dozen times or more, in the centre of the circle, and so remarkable his natural grace, that the Frenchmen present declared that a Parisian education could not have rendered the executive more admirable.

In 1779, General Greene writes from Middlebrook: "We had a little dance at my quarters. His Excellency and Mrs. Greene danced upwards of three hours without once sitting down. Upon the whole we had a pretty little frisk."

During the first part of Washington's administration, New York was the seat of government, and the house selected for the President's residence in Cherry Street, and that of Mr. McComb used later, were the resort of the most distinguished men and women of the day. Philadelphia was the capital of the Republic during the greater part of this administration, the change being made in 1790, and in a house rented from Washington's friend Robert Morris, in Market Street, below Sixth, the President's levees and dinners were held. Immediately after his inauguration, the President began to feel the necessity of that ceremony, as at variance with his simple tastes; and was also impressed with a sense of his time being at hand, and the necessity of his presence in order to receive his visitors, without infringing upon hours devoted to business or repose, Washington set about organizing a system of levees, etc., in which he was assisted by Adams, Hamilton, and Madison. Adams, who had lived much in the atmosphere of courts, was inclined to insist upon considerable state and splendor, while Hamilton, pleading earnestly for the preservation of a Republican simplicity, which would take nothing from the dignity of the President's office.

His ideal of a truly Republican court, Washington was aided, in no small degree, by Mrs. Washington, who could not spend much of her time in the capital "dinner days," and now joined her husband; tempted by no prospect of regal state; but impelled by the same selfless duty that had often led her to quit the sweet seclusion of Mount Vernon, to follow him wherever the changing scenes of war led him to pitch his tent.

The President had his levees every her drawing room on Friday evenings, on which occasions, the former would appear in the dress of a private gentleman, and passing from group to group, with a smile and pleasant word, charmed all whom he approached. Although there was little of the glare and empty show of the court, at these receptions once held in our city, there was no lack of form and proper observance of etiquette. Can we not see it all? That brilliant picture the ladies in their stiff brocaded petticoats, bowing low their heads, adorned with the high powdered and beflowered confiture of the day, as they enter the drawing room of Mrs. Washington, who receives them with a certain stately grace, which old fashioned people are to be believed, is little known in our times. All is grand

and quiet, stiff and elegant, like the dress worn. We should not dream of expecting gay language or gaudy from the lips of these beautiful dames, any more readily than we can imagine, rash Governor Morris slapping his Excellency on the back, and saying, "How are you, general?" Methinks, he afterwards held the promised wagger deal, at the price of the withering glance which was the reward of his familiarity. All such trifling seems to belong to another era than that. Those men, with grand and thoughtful faces, who gather around the new President; those women, whose serious eyes look down upon us from century old canvases, speak to us of common sense deeper than the gay ripple of small talk or sparkling wit of the salons. Something of the vital interests of the nation, they had taken into their very hearts, not to be set aside carelessly for drawing room or dinner party. It seemed as if the very earnestness of their purposes was written on their faces, yet those ladies and gentlemen enjoyed themselves, in their own fashion, a hundred years ago, and on Washington's birthday balls there was much dancing, merriment and good cheer. The President was fond of a good play, and, while in Philadelphia, frequently attended the old Southwark Theatre, the resort of the British officers during Howe's occupation of the city, and for whose theatrical representations Andre had painted some of the scenes, and written the prologues, directed audiences as they now assembled in the same building. The grand and stately men who composed the President's cabinet, and circle of friends, instead of those dashing red coated officers; the ladies who adorned Mrs. Washington's Republican Court, sitting there the beautiful Tory belles had regaled by the power of smiles, and sighs, and glances, holding by silken threads, in "royal homage," those knights of mock jest and tournament.

All is changed. Those walls that once resounded to the national airs of Britain, now re-echoed to the strains of the President's March, struck up as soon as His Excellency had entered the room, which was also the signal for a round of applause, long and loud. While occupying the house on High Street, (now Market), once the residence of General Howe, and where, later, Benedict Arnold "wasted his substance in riotous living," the General and Mrs. Washington, seated from these days devoted to public duties and ceremony, enjoyed something of the freedom of private life, and the pleasures of intimate friendships.

In the evening the President would sometimes read a sermon aloud to his family, and as a proof of this man's reverence for all that was good, he set the example of a strict observance of the Sabbath.

All volunteered fraternal apologies have some mixture of lies in them. No person who plans apologies plans to speak the plain truth. If he is ingenious, he contrives a veneer of fact; but the substance is a false and seductive principle or motive is kept out of sight. Nobody who is fair and above-board in conscience and aims at the apologizing impulse.

It is a common error—of which a wise man will beware—to measure the worth of our neighbor by his conduct towards ourselves.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

Lent was over and this was the first grand social event after Easter. "Everybody" was present, of course. The least important of Mrs. Grayson's reunions was an event in the fashionable season, and an elaborate affair like this ball was something to be remembered and looked back upon by every one who was fortunate enough to be among the favored throng, even though all the months of the year's were made up of pleasures.

This ball, however, grand as it was, would not have been the brilliant event it proved to be had not the beauty of Eleanor Warwick alone out upon the assembly. No other beauty was quite like her; and within the fashionable recollection there had been no sensation in society like that produced by her splendid reign.

Her royalty was not all of beauty—that was only her crown—the symbol of her sway. The divine right was in the reserve of strong and noble character that lay under the beauty, and sparkled out in wit and sentiment such as the

them an earnest far-away look that some of the guests could have interpreted, and her face here in the solitude, where no prying eyes watched for the accidental dropping of the mask had not a smile to show, but bore, instead, the shadow of anxious worry, and the quiet hands, instead of being idly and listlessly folded, were clenched together quite rigidly. Something was wrong with Eleanor, the guests all felt.

Manifestly no trifling affair could reach her at a stroke in the depths of all that pre-occupation. An interruption, unless a violent one, would not in its way gradually to her perception. Even Mr. Brinsley's effusive invitation, it is to be feared, would have met but a vague and hesitating response at first.

Accordingly she had been for some time conscious, in an unconscious kind of way, of voices near her, before she had at all realized that they were near her. Gradually she became fully aware that two men were talking, and talking very earnestly in her immediate neighborhood.

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By A. C. FURDY.

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White as a swan, and with a look of something of what they did not see her, but should she leave her position they would know that she had been with him in earnest all the time, and would at once consider her as an eavesdropper. She could not explain to them that she had not heard a word they had said, but she was too late even to give warning of her presence in order that she might not hear what they still had to say.

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